

such a state of excitement. Hardly a word about me and my flotilla. We were on the second page. The first one began something like this:

CAPTURE OF BLANKENBERG! DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY'S FLEET.

BURNING OF TOWN.

TRAWLERS DESTROY MINE FIELD LOSS OF TWO BATTLESHIPS

IS IT THE END?

Of course, what I had foreseen had occurred. The town was actually occupied by the British. And they thought it was the end! We would see about that.

On the round the corner page at the back of the glorious resonant leaders there was a little column which read like this:

"HOSTILE SUBMARINES."

"Several of the enemy's submarines are at sea and have inflicted some appreciable damage upon our merchant ships. The danger spots upon Monday and the greater part of Tuesday appear to have been the mouth of the Thames and the western entrance to the Solent. On Monday between the Nore and Margate there were sunk five large steamers, the Adla, Moldavia, Cuso, Cormorant and Maid of Athens, particulars of which will be found below. Near Ventnor on the same day was sunk the Verulab from Bombay. On Tuesday the Virginia, Caesar, King of the East and Pathfinder were destroyed between the Foreland and Boulogne. The latter three were actually lying in French waters and the most energetic representations have been made by the government of the republic. On the same day the Queen of Sheba, Orontes, Diana and Atalaria were destroyed near the Needles.

"Wireless messages have stopped all incoming cargo ships from coming up channel, but unfortunately there is evidence that at least two of the enemy's submarines are in the west. Four cattle ships from Dublin to Liverpool were sunk yesterday evening, while three Bristol bound steamers, the Hilda, Mercury and Marie Toser, were blown up in the neighborhood of Lundy Island. Commerce has, so far as possible, been diverted into safer channels, but in the meantime, however vexatious these incidents may be and however grievous the loss both to the owners and to Lloyd's, we may console ourselves by the reflection that since a submarine cannot keep the sea for more than ten days without refitting and since the base has been captured there must come a speedy term to these depredations."

So much for the Courier's account of our proceedings. Another small paragraph was, however, more eloquent:

"The price of wheat," it said, "which stood at 35 shillings a week before the declaration of war, was quoted yesterday on the Baltic at 52. Maize has gone from 21 to 37, barley from 19 to 35, sugar (foreign granulated) from 11 shillings and threepence to 19 shillings and sixpence."

"Good, my lads!" said I, when I read it to the crew, "I can assure you that those few lines will prove to mean more than the whole page about the fall of Blankenberg. Now let us get down channel and send those prices up a little higher."

All traffic had stopped for London—not so bad for the little Iota—and we did not see a steamer that was worth a torpedo between Dungeness and the Isle of Wight. There I called Stephan up by wireless and by 7 o'clock we were actually lying side by side in a smooth, rolling sea—Hengistbury Head bearing north-northwest and about five miles distant. The two crews clustered on the whalebacks and shouted their joy at seeing friendly faces once more.

Stephan had done extraordinarily well. I had, of course, read in the London paper of his four ships on Tuesday, but he had sunk no fewer than seven ships, for many of those which should have come to the Thames had tried to make Southampton. Of the seven one was of 20,000 tons, a grain ship from America; a second was a grain ship from the Black sea, and two others were great liners from South Africa. I congratulated Stephan with all my heart upon his splendid achievement.

Then, as we had been seen by a destroyer, which was approaching at a great pace, we both dived, coming up again off the Needles, where we spent the night in company. We could not visit each other, since we had no boat, but we lay so nearly alongside that we were able, Stephan and I, to talk from hatch to hatch and so make our plans.

He had shot away more than half his torpedoes and so had I, and yet we were averse to returning to our base so long as our oil held out. I told him of my experience with the Boston steamer, and we mutually agreed to sink the ships by gunfire in future so far as possible. I remember old Horli saying: "What use is a gun aboard a submarine?" We were about to show.

I read the English paper to Stephan by the light of my electric torch and we both agreed that few ships would now come up the channel. That sentence about diverting commerce to safer routes could only mean that the ships would go round the north of Ireland and unload at Glasgow. Oh, for two more ships to stop that entrance! Heavens, what would England have done against a foe with thirty or forty



It was the queenly Olympic of the White Star line. As we came abreast we loosed our torpedo, and struck her fair. . . . She dived bow foremost and there was a terrific explosion which sent one of the funnels into the air.

submarines, since we only needed six instead of four to complete her destruction!

After much talk we decided that the best plan would be that I should dispatch a cipher telegram next morning from a French port to tell them to send the four second-rate boats to cruise off the north of Ireland and west of Scotland. Then when I had done this I should move down channel with Stephan and operate at the mouth, while the other two boats could work in the Irish sea. Having made these plans I set off across the channel in the early morning, reaching the small village of Etretat, in Brittany. There I got off my telegram and then laid my course for Falmouth, passing under the keels of two British cruisers which were making eagerly for Etretat, having heard by wireless that we were there.

Half way down channel we had trouble with a short circuit in our electric engines and were compelled to run on the surface for several hours while we replaced one of the camshafts and renewed some washers. It was a ticklish time, for had a torpedo boat come upon us we could not have dived. The perfect submarine of the future will surely have some alternative engines for such an emergency. However, by the skill of Engineer Morrow we got things going once more. All the time we lay there I saw a hydroplane floating between us and the British coast. I can understand how a mouse feels when it is in a tuft of grass and sees a hawk high up in the heavens. However, all went well; the mouse became a water cat, it wagged its tail in derision at the poor blind old hawk and it dived down into a nice, safe, green, quiet world where there was nothing to injure it.

It was on Wednesday night that the Iota crossed to Etretat. It was Friday afternoon before we had reached our

new cruising ground. Only one large steamer did I see upon our way. The terror we had caused had cleared the channel. This big boat had a clever captain on board. His tactics were excellent and took him in safety to the Thames. He came zig-zagging up channel at twenty-five knots, shooting off from his course at all sorts of unexpected angles. With our slow pace we could not catch him, nor could we calculate his line so as to cut him off. Of course, he had never seen us, but he judged, and judged rightly, that wherever we were those were the tactics by which he had the best chance of getting past. He deserved his success.

But, of course, it is only in a wide channel that such things can be done. Had I met him in the mouth of the Thames there would have been a different story to tell. As I approached Falmouth I destroyed a 3,000-ton boat from Cork, laden with butter and cheese. It was my only success for three days.

That night (Friday, April 16) I called up Stephan, but received no reply. As I was within a few miles of our rendezvous, and as he would not be cruising after dark, I was puzzled to account for his silence. I could only imagine that his wireless was deranged. But, alas! I was soon to find the true reason from a copy of the Western Morning News, which I obtained from a Brixham trawler. The Kappa, with her gallant commander and crew, were at the bottom of the English channel.

It appeared from this account that after I had parted from him he had met and sunk no fewer than five vessels. I gathered this to be his work, since all of them were by gunfire and all were on the south coast of Dorset or Devon. How he

met his fate was stated in a short telegram which was headed, "Sinking of a Hostile Submarine." It was marked "Falmouth," and ran thus:

"The P. & O. mail steamer Macedonia came into this port last night with five shell holes between wind and water. She reports having been attacked by a hostile submarine ten miles southeast of the Lizard. Instead of using her torpedoes the submarine for some reason approached upon the surface and fired five shots from a semi-automatic 12-pounder gun. She was evidently under the impression that the Macedonia was unarmed. As a matter of fact, being warned of the presence of submarines in the channel, the Macedonia had mounted an armament as an auxiliary cruiser. She opened fire with two quick firers and blew away the conning tower of the submarine. It is probable that the shells went right through her, as she sank at once with her hatches open. The Macedonia was only kept afloat by her pumps."

Such was the end of the Kappa and my gallant friend, Commander Stephan. His best epitaph was in a corner of the same paper and was headed "Mark Lane." It ran:

"Wheat (average) 66, maize 48, barley 50."

Well, if Stephan was gone there was the more need for me to show energy. My plans were quickly taken, but they were comprehensive. All that day (Saturday) I passed down the Cornish coast and round Lands End, getting two steamers on the way. I had learned from Stephan's fate that it was better to torpedo the large craft, but I was aware that the auxiliary cruisers of the British government were all over 10,000 tons, so that for all ships under that size it was safe to use my gun. Both these craft, the Yelland and the Playboy—the latter an American ship—were perfectly harmless, so I came up within 100 yards of them and speedily sank them, after allowing their people to get into the boats. Some other steamers lay further out, but I was so eager to make my new arrangements that I did not go out of my course to molest them. Just before sunset, however, so magnificent a prey came within my radius of action that I could not possibly refuse her.

No sailor could fail to recognize that glorious monarch of the sea, with her four cream funnels tipped with black, her huge black sides, her red bilges and her high white top hamper, roaring up channel at twenty-three knots and carrying her 45,000 tons as lightly as if she were a five-ton motor boat. It was the queenly Olympic of the White Star Line—once the largest and still the comeliest of liners. What a picture she made with the blue Cornish sea creaming round her giant forefoot and the pink western sky with one evening star forming the background to her noble lines!

She was about five miles off when we dived to cut her off. My calculation was exact. As we came abreast we loosed our torpedo and struck her fair. We swirled round with the concussion of the water. I saw her in my periscope list over on her side, and I knew that she had her death blow. She settled down slowly, and there was plenty of time to save her people. The sea was dotted with her boats. When I got about three miles off I rose to the surface, and the whole crew clustered up to see the wonderful sight. She dived bow foremost, and there was a terrific explosion, which sent one of the funnels into the air. I suppose we should have cheered—somehow none of us felt like cheering. We were all keen sailors, and it went to our hearts to see such a ship go down like a broken egg-shell. I gave a gruff order and all were at their posts again while we headed northwest.

Once round the Lands End I called up my two consorts, and we met next day at Hartland point, the south end of Bideford bay. For the moment the channel was clear, but the English could not know it, and I reckoned that the loss of the Olympic would stop all ships for a day or two at least.

Having assembled the Delta and Epsilon, one on each side of me, I received reports from Miriam and Var, the respective commanders. Each had expended twelve torpedoes, and between them they had sunk twenty-two steamers. One man had been killed by the machinery on board of the Delta, and two had been burned by the ignition of some oil on the Epsilon. I took these injured men on board and I gave each of the boats one of my crew. I also divided my spare oil, my provisions and my torpedoes among them, though we had the greatest possible difficulty in those crank vessels in transferring them from one to the other. However, at 10 o'clock it was done, and the two vessels were in condition to keep the sea for another ten days. For my part, with only two torpedoes left, I headed north up the Irish sea.

One of my torpedoes I expended that evening upon a cattle ship making for Milford Haven. Late at night, being abreast of Holyhead, I called upon my four northern boats, but without reply. Their Marconi range is very limited. About 3 in the afternoon of the next day I had a feeble answer. It was a great relief to me to find that my telegraphic instructions had reached them and that they were on their station. Before evening we all assembled in the lee of Sanda Island, in the Mull of Kintyre. I felt an admiral indeed when I saw my five whalebacks all in a row.

CONCLUDED IN MONDAY'S STAR.

RUNS OVER GERMAN SUBMARINE; UNDERSEA CRAFT MAY BE LOST

LONDON, March 28.—The captain of the steamship Lizzie, which arrived at Llanelli, Wales, Saturday afternoon, stated that he was close by when the British steamer Belinda was torpedoed Thursday by a submarine in the English channel. He said that the submarine proved to be the U-27.

TURKS WOULD TRADE TERRITORY FOR NEUTRALITY OF BULGARIA

LONDON, March 27.—A Sofia dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company says that the mission of the German field marshal von der Goltz is to offer Bulgaria, on behalf of Turkey, the Euxine-Mediterranean line in return for Bulgaria's neutrality.

War Officially Reported.

AUSTRIAN STATEMENT.
VIENNA, via London, March 27: Russian attacks with strong new forces on the Carpathian front have miscarried and the enemy suffered severe losses. In the hills near Bencovaletz, on both sides of the Latoroga valley, south of Latorceva, very violent fighting continued. In Bukovina, northeast of Chernowitz, our troops, after a violent engagement, repelled superior Russian forces driving them back to the frontier. We took several villages and captured more than one thousand prisoners. In Russian Poland and in western Galicia there is no change.

FRENCH STATEMENT.
PARIS, via London, March 27: The day passed quietly all along the front, the enemy showing no activity. A German aeroplane, which had thrown a bomb in the region of Badonviller, was brought down by us. The pilot and observer were captured.

RUSSIAN STATEMENT.
PETROGRAD, via London, March 27: West of the middle Niemen, on the right bank of the Narva and on the left bank of the Viitula, there has been no essential change in the situation. In the Carpathians we have made con-

FINE AND IMPRISONMENT FOR FRAUD ON FARMERS

"Mickey" Shea Punished for Conducting Wire-Tapping Scheme Six Weeks Ago.

TOLEDO, Ohio, March 27.—Two years in Moundsville, W. Va., penitentiary and a fine of \$3,000 was the sentence imposed today by Federal Judge Killis on John J. (Mickey) Shea, convicted six weeks ago on a charge of defrauding two farmers in a wire-tapping scheme. Shea went back to jail without bond. Judge Killis declined to parole him.

Most Conspicuous Among Five.
Shea, it developed at the trial, was the most conspicuous figure among the five men named in the charges. The others were George A. Banning, alias Brennan, George A. Baldwin, alias Homer; Bert W. Hathaway and John C. Arthur. Banning and Baldwin were sentenced some time ago to two years each at Moundsville and fined \$2,000. The sheriff here holds an extradition warrant procured by the New York district attorney, where Shea is wanted in connection with the "clairvoyant trust."

To Discuss Vivisection.
Mrs. Diana Belais, president of the New York Antivivisection Society, is to address a meeting of the Secular League in Pythian Temple today at 3 o'clock. She will take as her topic "vivisection" and urge all persons interested in the subject of surgical experimentation on animals and human beings to attend.

WANTS 300 NEW MEMBERS.

Young Men's Hebrew Association Offers Prizes to Hustlers.

Three hundred new members is the mark which the Young Men's Hebrew Association has set for itself in its thirty-day membership campaign. Besides a loving cup to be awarded the team securing the largest number of new members, prizes are to be awarded for individual members doing the best work. It is stated.

SNATCHES WOMAN'S PURSE.

Young Colored Man Succeeds in Making Escape.

Attacked by a colored man while on 24 street between F and G streets northeast, shortly after 8 o'clock last night, Mrs. Agnes McNally of 200 K street northeast was robbed of her pocketbook. Mrs. McNally told the police of the ninth precinct she was walking along the street when the colored man suddenly appeared at her side and grabbed her pocketbook containing \$2.50, a medal and some fiver seed. Mrs. McNally endeavored to hold her pocketbook, but the man succeeded in wrenching it from her grasp. He ran away and disappeared before Mrs. McNally could summon assistance. The man is described as being between twenty and twenty-two years of age and wore dark clothes and a dark slouch hat. He has a smooth face and weighs between 140 and 150 pounds.

DEBATERS WIN AND LOSE.

Central High Breaks Even With Baltimore City College.

In the intercity debates between Central High School of this city and the Baltimore City College, held last evening simultaneously in both cities, the schools received an "even break." The Central team debating here won, and that in Baltimore lost. In both cases the affirmative side was victorious. The question under discussion was the workmen's compensation law, and the vote was two to one in favor in both instances.

GOES TO NEW JERSEY.

Rev. T. E. Davis, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, went to Bound Brook, N. J., Friday, where last evening he was to address a Masonic celebration. The pastor was formerly in charge of several New Jersey Presbyterian churches, and each year is asked to participate in the celebrations by his friends of the various Masonic bodies of the section.

Theater Party by Strauss Club.

For the benefit of a number of charities in which it is interested, the Strauss Club will give a theater party at Poll's Tuesday night, April 6, to see "Within the Law." The club has aided many persons in want during the last winter. The officers of the club are: President, Leola Cooper; vice president, Corn Aronson; secretary, Anna Bernstein; treasurer, Nanette Bloom.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

Man Wanted in Washington Is Arrested in Troy, Pa.

Ray S. Perry, alias Sumner E. Hill, said to reside in Binghamton, N. Y., was arrested in Troy, Pa., yesterday afternoon, according to a message received at police headquarters from J. P. Costello, chief of police of that city. Perry, it is said, was a piano player and singer in moving picture theaters in this city.

HOPE OF SOLVING MYSTERY.

Charges Against Miss Rae Tanzer Temporarily Withheld.

NEW YORK, March 27.—The evidence in the charges against Miss Rae Tanzer in connection with her fifty-thousand-dollar breach of promise suit against James W. Osborne, former assistant district attorney, will not be presented to the federal grand jury until Tuesday next, United States District Attorney H. Snowden Marshall announced tonight. Mr. Marshall said he had decided to put over presentation of the case to the grand jury until a day beyond the time originally intended, as meanwhile he expected to obtain evidence that would solve the mystery in the case, conflicting evidence adduced as to the identity of the Oliver Osborne who Miss Tanzer declares promised to marry her.

CONFER ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Army, Navy and Public Health Men Talk of One Hospital.

An important conference has been in progress between the naval medical officers, the officers of the army medical department and the officials of the public health service, with a view to the proposed consolidation of the three government hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis. The public health hospital is located at Fort Stanton, N. M., and the hospital of the Navy Department is situated at Las Animas, Col. It has been suggested that these two institutions might be brought together at one or the other place and conducted as one hospital. It is claimed that there would be economic advantages of administration, and there would be no interference with advantages by such consolidation.

Favors New Street Car Line.

The executive committee of the West End Citizens' Association went on record last night in favor of a new street car line. Its route is to be from 18th street and Florida avenue, via the latter thoroughfare to 26th or 27th street, thence south to Virginia avenue north-west, thence southeast on Virginia avenue to B street, thence along B street to connect with the 7th street line.

To Cure a Cough in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Bliss signature is on each box. 25c. Advertisers.